

A Cold, Small Place

by Raietta

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NOTES: This story is Storm's point of view during the events that occurred in "Just in Time," which was written by Micaela. You should probably read Micaela's story first before going to this one. =0)
This is a piece of literary fiction, so while it does have a definite plot, it's pretty obscure. If you've read Toni Morrison's "Beloved" and were either bored or didn't like it, you will probably not like this story. It's one of **those** fic's. Don't worry, I won't be upset if anyone thinks it sucks. Much. (I'll just go commit hari kiri or something.) I rated this PG-13, but I'm not sure if that was the right censor. There's no sex or bad language, but there is great, uh, anguish. Beware! ;-)

DISCLAIMER: All of the characters in this story belong to Marvel, a company that tried to be literary when Steve T. Seagle and Joe Casey were on the books, but quickly gave up and went back to Claremont. Yuck. Thus, the characters do not belong to me, and are being used without permission. But I'm not making any money off of this fiction, so please don't sue me.

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A Cold, Small Place

These are my joys.

The clouds at sunset. The wind. A tightly closed bud. Snow falling at

night under a white-hot moon. A friend's hand holding mine. Rain. A bud slowly opening. Trees in the wind. Lightning. Fresh bread. Jean's laugh. The beat of a drum. The skies in Africa. Winter rabbits. Remy's smile. Memories of my parents. Leaves falling. The wind. Hank's jokes. A bud fully opened, in bloom. Spring showers. The noonday sun, which is my Bright Lady's smile. Piotr's strength. Thunder. A hurricane. Trees in summer leaf. Logan's gruff voice. Spices. Memories of Scott. A still pond. Birds in flight. Rogue singing. Old linen. Wheat fields. Xavier in thought. The wind. Storms. Letters. Africa at night. Kurt's eyes. The empty kitchen at the mansion, which hums to me. Cats on beds. The smell of ferns. Warren flying. The wind. The wind.

These are my joys.

Now I am in a cold, small place. The walls are close and made of earth. I am afraid. I am afraid of the darkness, and the closeness. I fear it. I fear the small, dark spaces.

Bright One, help me to be strong. My bones are brittle, hollow as birds'. The meat is gone, and my bones are flutes for the wind. There is no wind here. It is dark and close. There is no room to run, or stretch, or fly. I beat at the tight walls, but nothing yields, and I am alone and afraid. I rock. I am in a coffin in the sea. Something is wrong. I am afraid.

Pain comes like a bright jewel to tap at my walls, but my prison shuts it out. In here, I am cold and afraid, rocking, but somewhere far away is pain like a miniature sun.

Someone is crying. They are sobbing, and their pain is great. I listen from inside my coffin. The crying is the sound of a wounded animal past saving. It hurts to hear it. I would shut it out, but my mind is as clay, my ears are funnels.

In my small space, I drift. It is cold and dark and close. I am afraid. Memories like silver fishes swim my way, and I watch them flash past. Each one is beautiful.

I remember the things that give me joy. I count them. They are a string of white shells that I shall hand around my neck. There, it is done. They gleam at my throat, little doves, the teeth of dreams.

But I am afraid.

I cannot get out of the cold, small place.

Somewhere, outside, someone I love is crooning soft words. To comfort the one in pain. I listen to the words and am eased. Someone is being carried. Someone is crying, and their pain is great. I wish to give them my string of joys, so that they might be comforted. The walls hold me in tight. I listen to the one I love cry with the one in pain, and am sad. I wish I could help them.

Now, there is nothing.

I drift. The noises are gone. Someone is holding my hand. Someone whose laugh I love is raining tears onto me.

The tears will water me, and I will grow into a tree, and bloom.

My insides hurt. My hands are bones. The meat is gone.

I am in a cold, small place. I beat at the walls, but my hands turn to dust. I cry, because it is so dark and cold.

I am afraid.

Now there is nothing, again. I am out of the small, dark place. There is sunlight ahead, and clouds that sail by. I keep my joys with me, to give me strength in the bad times, on the long, lonely roads. The cold, dark place is far away. I search for something, but I do not know what I am searching for.

The jewel of pain comes and cracks in two. I am a flower and I grow out of it. I bloom. The pain is the egg and I am the bird. I soar. There is the sun, and I fly into it.

Now there is nothing but pain. I am going to die. I sing PAIN PAIN PAIN PAIN PAIN PAIN PAIN. HURT. It hurts so much, it hurts so much, where is my goddess? It hurts so much, I wish only to die. The pain is a sword that runs me through. The pain is a word that I cannot stop speaking. See the words. I wish only to die.

The pain is a bright, hot sun. I am the bird. I soar into it.

I am awake.

The pain is nearby, but I am safe. I am home. The ones that I love are with me. They hold my hands. They soothe me. I try to tell them that they are my joy, but the words do not come, and I fall back asleep.

The dreams are great, but I am tired of them, and I awaken.

The first sight to greet me is sunlight filtering through an open window, turning the white wall a soft clean yellow. There are crimson tulips in a vase on a table. Their brightness comforts me.

The man's face beside me is haggard and gaunt, and his jaw is dark with stubble. There are black circles beneath his closed eyes. His hair is lank and uncombed. The sight of him fills my soul to overflowing, even though I am tired and I hurt.

When he opens his eyes, I see how they are bleak. There is pain in them. He looks at me, and I try to smile. The look in his eyes hurts to watch. It is the look of a man who has seen too much. His soul is aching.

"Remy," I say, and my throat hurts and my tongue is thick and dry. My lips stretch thin, and crack, and run.

"Stormy," he whispers, his eyes wide with some emotion, and there are tears. I want to tell him that he is one of my joys, but my throat will not let out the words. Instead I squeeze his hand to let him know it, and as his head bows down to our clasped hands my eyes once

again catch the red of the tulips and the bright lemon light, and I
am comforted.

End
file.